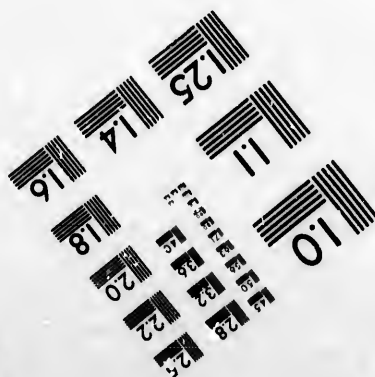
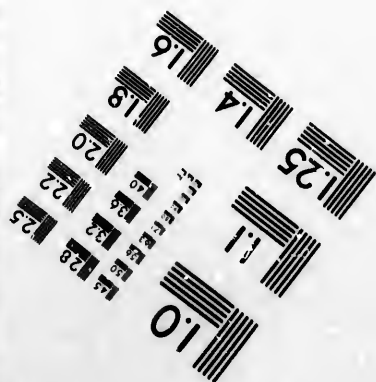
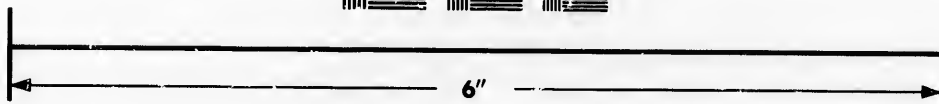
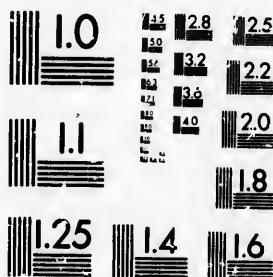


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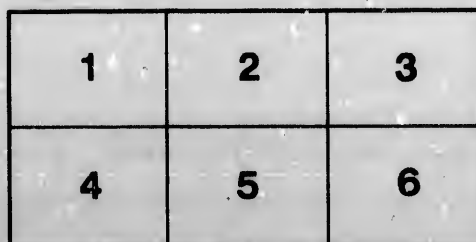
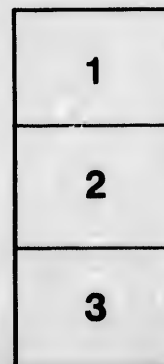
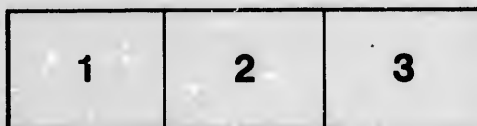
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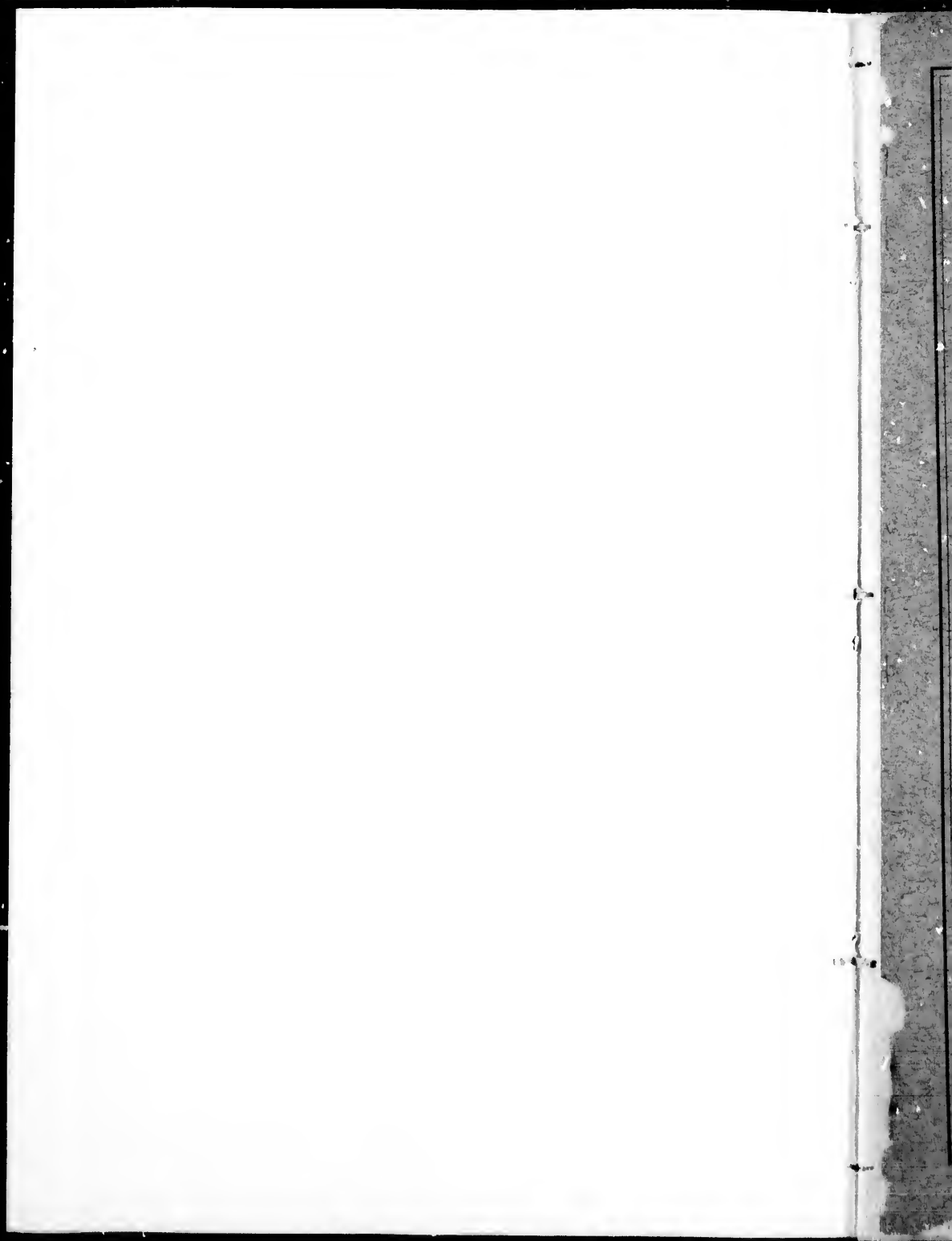
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THE  
LABOR REFORM  
SONGSTER.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

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PHILADELPHIA :  
JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR PRINT.  
1892.



1892  
(32)

## INTRODUCTION.

It has been said that a volume of poems, be it large or small, needs no preface, nor do I think that the Labor Reform Songs of Mr. Thompson need one. Yet, inasmuch as I have been asked to pen a few sentences by way of introduction, I gladly do so, and all the more readily that the songs are so timely, coming just when the industrial reform movement on this continent has reached the point when it needs songs, and just such songs as these: songs which will voice and interpret the thoughts which are rousing the masses of America to resistless action.

Spoke well the Grecian when he said that poems  
Were the high laws that swayed a nation's mind—  
Voices that live on echoes—  
Brief and prophetic poems,  
Opening the great heart-book of human kind!

All movements which have had for their object the uplifting of humanity have been greatly helped by their poets. If it be true that the heart of a nation is dead when its songs are stilled, it is equally true that the vigor, the fervency of any great movement may be accurately measured by the earnestness of its poets and by the enthusiasm with which their songs are welcomed.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the help such a book of songs as this may be to the industrial reform movement. Sung in Assembly-rooms, in Alliances, at meetings of Unions and at public gatherings, they will reach thousands to whom arguments would at first be addressed in vain, and even veterans in the movement will listen to an argument in a better mood for having drank in some familiar truth in the setting of a well-remembered air. I repeat, it would not be easy to exaggerate the helpful influence of such songs as these to a cause like ours.

One man with a dream at pleasure  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And one with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down.

Armed with such songs, we can sing the new gospel of human brotherhood into the hearts of the people.

A. W. WRIGHT,  
*Editor Journal of the Knights of Labor.*

10

# THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

No. 1.

## THE BITTER CRY.

From dawn to dark we toil; to earn wealth for oth - ers, The men who reap the  
spoil For-get we're their brothers, For Mam - mon each impulse of sym - pa - thy smothers, Oh,  
*Chorus.*  
heed the bit - ter cry of the heart-bro - ken poor! The bit - ter cry,  
The bit - ter cry, Oh, heed the bit - ter cry of the heart-bro-ken poor.

'Mid Nature's lavish store  
We famish and shiver,  
Some tempted evermore  
To cross the dark river,  
And vainly we cry: "Is there none to deliver?"  
Oh heed the bitter cry of the down-trodden poor!

CHORUS.—The bitter cry, etc.

You hold the bounties tight  
With which Heaven supplied us,  
And when we ask our right  
You scorn and deride us.  
The free air of Heaven is even denied us.  
Oh heed the bitter cry of the down-trodden poor!

CHORUS.—The bitter cry, etc.

# THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

'Tis sounding through the earth  
 To justice appealing;  
 Oppressors who from birth  
 Have stifled all feeling  
 Will quake when the thunder of battle is pealing.  
 Oh heed the bitter cry of the down-trodden poor!

CHORUS.—The bitter cry, etc.

When millions hopeless pine  
 In dread of starvation,  
 You lay a powder-mine  
 In the heart of the nation  
 To blow to perdition your civilization.  
 Oh heed the bitter cry of the down-trodden poor!

CHORUS.—The bitter cry, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

## No. 2.

## THE MEN WHO WORK.

(Air—"Life on the Ocean Wave.")

Hurrah for the men who work,  
 Whatever their trade may be;  
 Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,  
 For those who plow the sea;  
 And for those who earn their bread  
 By the sweat of an honest brow;  
 Hurrah for the men who dig and delve  
 And they who reap and sow!

Hurrah for the sturdy arm,  
 Hurrah for the steady will,  
 Hurrah for the worker's health and strength,  
 Hurrah for the worker's skill!  
 Hurrah for the open heart,  
 Hurrah for the noble aim,  
 Hurrah for the loving, quiet home,  
 Hurrah for an honest name!

Hurrah for the men who strive,  
 Hurrah for the men who save,  
 Who sit not down and drink till they drown,  
 But struggle and breast the wave.  
 Hurrah for the men on the land  
 And they who are on the sea;  
 Hurrah for the men who are bold and brave,  
 The good, the true and the free!

—J. Richardson.

## No. 3. THE PENNSYLVANIA MINER.

Come, lis - ten, fel - low-working-men, my sto - ry, I'll re - late, How work - ers in the  
 coal-mines fare in Penn-syl - va - nia State; Come, hear a sad sur - viv - or, from be -  
 side his childrens' graves, And learn how free A - mer - i - cans are treat - ed now as sla' ...  
*Chorus.*  
 They robbed us of our pay, They starved us day by day, They  
 shot us down on the hill - side brown, And swore our lives a - way.

For years we toiled on patiently—they cut our wages down;  
 We struck—they sent the Pinkertons to drive us from the town;  
 We held a meeting near the mine, some hasty words were said,  
 A volley from the Pinkertons laid half-a-dozen dead.

CHORUS.—They robbed us, etc.

I had a little family, the youngest scarce could creep;  
 Next night the hireling ruffian band aroused us out of sleep;  
 They battered in our cabin door—we pleaded all in vain—  
 They turned my wife and children out to perish in the rain.

CHORUS.—They robbed us, etc.

They died of cold and famine there beneath the open sky,  
While pitying neighbors stood around, but all as poor as I;  
You never saw such misery—God grant you never may—  
The sight is branded on my soul until my dying day.

CHORUS.—They robbed us, etc.

Half-crazed I wandered round the spot, and just beyond the town  
I met a dastard Pinkerton and struck the villain down;  
My brain was frenzied with the thought of children, friends and wife,  
I set my heel upon his throat and trampled out his life.

CHORUS.—They robbed us, etc.

And now I roam an outlawed man, no house or friends have I,  
For if the law can track me down I shall be doomed to die;  
But very little should I care what may become of me,  
If all the land would rise and swear such things no more shall be.

CHORUS.—They robbed us, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 4.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

(Air—"Comin' through the Rye.")

Not by cannon nor by saber,  
Not by flags unfurled,  
Shall we win the rights of labor,  
Shall we free the world.  
Thought is stronger far than weapons,  
Who shall stay its course?  
It spreads in onward-circling waves  
And ever gathers force.

Hopes may fail us, clouds may lower,  
Comrades may betray,  
Crushed beneath the heel of power  
Justice lies to-day.  
But every strong and radiant soul,  
Whom once the truth makes free,  
Shall send a deathless impulse forth  
To all eternity.



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THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

9

Words of insight, sympathetic,  
Flash from soul to soul,  
Of the coming time prophetic,  
Freedom's distant goal.  
Kindling with one aspiration,  
Hearts will feel their thrill,  
And iron bands be ropes of sand  
Before the people's will.

Right shall rule whene'er we will it,  
All the rest is naught;  
"Every bullet has its billet,"  
So has every thought.  
When the people wish for freedom,  
None can say them nay,  
'Tis slavery of the darkened mind  
Alone which stops the way.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 5.

MARCHING TO FREEDOM.

(Air—"Marching through Georgia.")

Rouse, ye sons of labor all, and rally in your might!  
In the Eastern heavens see the dawning of the light,  
Fling our banner to the breeze, make ready for the fight,  
Now we are marching to freedom.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll sound the jubilee!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the world shall yet be free!  
Sweeping all before us like the billows of the sea,  
As we go marching to freedom!

Long we sat disconsolate with hope of rescue fled,  
Gloomy seemed our path before and dark the clouds overhead,  
Now the shadows vanish and our doubts and fears are dead,  
Now we are marching to freedom!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

Frowning high before us see the money-despots' hold,  
 Built to shield the robbers with their piles of hoarded gold,  
 By the God above us! we'll no more be bought and sold!

Now we are marching to freedom!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

Sound aloud our battle-cry! press onward to the fray!  
 Right and might are on our side, no more we will delay,  
 Victory must crown the fight, the world is ours to-day,

Now we are marching to freedom!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 6.

THE FACTORY SLAVE.

(Air—"Way Down upon the Swanee River.")

Toiling amid the smoke and clamor  
 From morn till night,  
 Deafened by noise of wheel and hammer  
 Far from the glad sunlight.  
 Piling up store of wealth for others  
 While we grow poor,  
 Tell me, oh! suffering, toiling brothers,  
 How long shall this endure?

CHORUS.

All my life is full of sorrow,  
 Welcome seems the grave;  
 Oh when will freedom's bright to-morrow  
 Dawn on the factory slave?

Often in search of work we wander,  
 Hungry we pine;  
 While wealth we earn our masters squander,  
 Feasting in palace fine.  
 Hard to behold the pallid faces  
 Of wife and child,  
 Stified in foul and loathsome places,  
 Thoughts fit to drive me wild.

CHORUS.—All my life, etc.

THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

11

Hard is the lot of honest labor,  
Crushed and oppressed;  
Where each is taught to rob his neighbor,  
Greed steeling every breast.  
Each has to freedom, air and earth right,  
Such Heaven gave;  
Rich men have robbed us of our birthright—  
Landless, a man's a slave.

CHORUS.—All my life, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 7.

THE GRAND LABOR CAUSE.

(Air—"Red, White and Blue.")

Oh union's the hope of the toiler,  
A pledge of the freedom we crave,  
A certain defense from the spoiler,  
Who'd rob us from cradle to grave.  
When workers stand shoulder to shoulder  
And firmly insist on just laws,  
Each heart will grow stronger and bolder  
To fight for the grand labor cause!

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the grand labor cause!  
Three cheers for the grand labor cause!  
Each heart will grow stronger and bolder  
To fight for the grand labor cause!

When wealth seeks to rule through the nation  
And crush down the landless and poor,  
The ballot's our only salvation  
From wrongs grown too great to endure.  
A people united in spirit,  
Who heed neither scorn nor applause,  
Will reap the reward that they merit  
In gaining the grand labor cause!

CHORUS.—Three cheers, etc.

## THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

Then send round the watchword of union.  
 No more shall dissensions betray,  
 When banded in closest communion  
 We move on the tyrants' array.  
 Bright hopes for the future we'll cherish,  
 Free soil, equal rights and just laws,  
 Like a dog may the miscreant perish  
 Who's false to the grand labor cause!

CHORUS.—Three cheers, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 8.

LONG, LONG AGO.

Where is the free - dom which once we pos - sessed, Long, long a - go,  
 Long, long a - go? Here in this glo - ri - ous land of the West,  
 Long, long a - go, Long a - go. Where is the man - hood that  
 once was our pride? Where is the prom - ise on which we re - lied?  
 Was it for this that our an - ces - tors died, Long, long a - go, long a - go?

Once men stood equal and scorned to be slaves,  
 Long, long ago; long, long ago.  
 Hurling their tyrants to infamous graves,  
 Long, long ago; long ago.  
 Now we are trodden and spurned by the few,  
 Vassals and serfs to the plutocrat crew,  
 Fled is the spirit our ancestors knew,  
 Long, long ago; long ago.

THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

13

Stealthy like wolves have the foul harpy band,  
Long, long ago; long, long ago.  
Reft us of liberty, money and land,  
Long, long ago; long ago.  
Land-thief and bond-thief have rushed to the spoil,  
Fastened their clutch on our dear native soil,  
Robbed us of even the freedom to toil,  
Long, long ago; long ago.

Spirit of freedom! who once deigned to dower,  
Long, long ago; long, long ago.  
Heroes of old with invincible power,  
Long, long ago; long ago.  
Thrill every heart with the pulse of the free,  
Rouse up the nation that yet we may be  
Worthy of sires who were guided by thee,  
Long, long ago; long ago.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 9.

IN THE REIGN OF JUSTICE.

(Air—"In the Sweet By and By.")

There's a glorious future in store  
When the toil-worn shall rise from the dust,  
Then the poor shall be trampled no more  
And mankind to each other be just.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by,  
When the spirit of justice shall reign,  
By and by.

In the sweet by and by,  
When the spirit of justice shall reign.

Then the world with new life shall be blessed,  
Oppression shall vanish away,  
None shall toil at another's behest  
In the light of that glorious day.

CHORUS.—In the sweet, etc.



## THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

In this weltering chaos of night,  
 Though the struggle be bitter and long,  
 Let us still turn our eyes to the light  
 And gain strength for the battle with wrong.

CHORUS.—In the sweet, etc.

In the fullness of time it will come  
 And our labors the way will prepare,  
 Though our hearts may be cold in the tomb  
 Yet our spirits that rapture will share.

CHORUS.—In the sweet, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 10.

## SPREAD THE LIGHT.

(Air—"Hold the Fort.")

Fellow-toilers, pass the watchword!  
 Would you know your powers?  
 Spread the light! and we shall conquer,  
 Then the world is ours.

CHORUS.

Spread the light! the world is waiting  
 For the cheering ray,  
 Fraught with promise of the glories  
 Of the coming day.

In the conflict of the ages,  
 In this thrilling time,  
 Knowledge is the road to freedom,  
 Ignorance is crime.

CHORUS.—Spread the light, etc.

Wolves and vampires in the darkness  
 Prey on flesh and blood,  
 From the radiance of the sunlight  
 Flee the hellish brood.

CHORUS.—Spread the light, etc.

THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

15

Light alone can save the nations,  
Long the spoilers' prey,  
Bound and blinded in their prison  
Waiting for the day.

CHORUS.—Spread the light, etc.

Men who know their rights as freemen  
Ne'er to tyrants cower,  
Slaves will rise and burst their fetters  
When they feel their power.

CHORUS.—Spread the light, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 11.

THIRTY CENTS A DAY!

(Air—"The Faded Coat of Blue.")

In a dim-lighted chamber a dying maiden lay,  
The tide of her pulses was ebbing fast away;  
In the flush of her youth she was worn with toil and care,  
And starvation showed its traces on the features once so fair.

CHORUS.

No more the work-bell calls the weary one.  
Rest, tired wage-slave, in your grave unknown;  
Your feet will no more tread life's thorny, rugged way,  
They have murdered you by inches upon thirty cents a day!

From earliest childhood she'd toiled to win her bread;  
In hunger and rags, oft she wished that she were dead;  
She knew naught of life's joys or the pleasures wealth can bring,  
Or the glory of the woodland in the merry days of spring.

CHORUS.—No more the work-bell, etc.

By the rich she was tempted to eat the bread of shame,  
But her mother dear had taught her to value her good name;  
'Mid want and starvation she waved temptation by,  
As she would not sell her honor she in poverty must die.

CHORUS.—No more the work-bell, etc.

She cried in her fever: "I pray you let me go,  
For my work is yet to finish, I cannot leave it so;  
The foreman will curse me and dock my scanty pay,  
I am starving amid plenty upon thirty cents a day!"

CHORUS.—No more the work-bell, etc.

Too late, Christian ladies! You cannot save her now,  
She breathes out her life—see the death-damp on her brow;  
Full soon she'll be sleeping beneath the churchyard clay,  
While you smile on those who killed her with their thirty cents a day!

CHORUS.—No more the work-bell, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

## No. 12.

## MARCH! MARCH! MARCH!

(Air—"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!")

In the crowded scenes of toil, in the workshop and the mine,  
There are those who sigh the weary hours away;  
Not a single ray of hope on their wretched lot to shine,  
Or the promise of a brighter, better day.

CHORUS.

March! March! March! the ranks are forming,  
Cheer up, friends, the time has come,  
For the toilers of our land now begin to understand  
Their just rights to comfort, liberty and home.

Where the earth is fresh and fair, in the seats of power and pride,  
Sit the favored few who live by labor's pains;  
Not a wish is unfulfilled, not a luxury denied,  
Though they scorn the toil of which they reap the gains.

CHORUS.—March! March! March! etc.

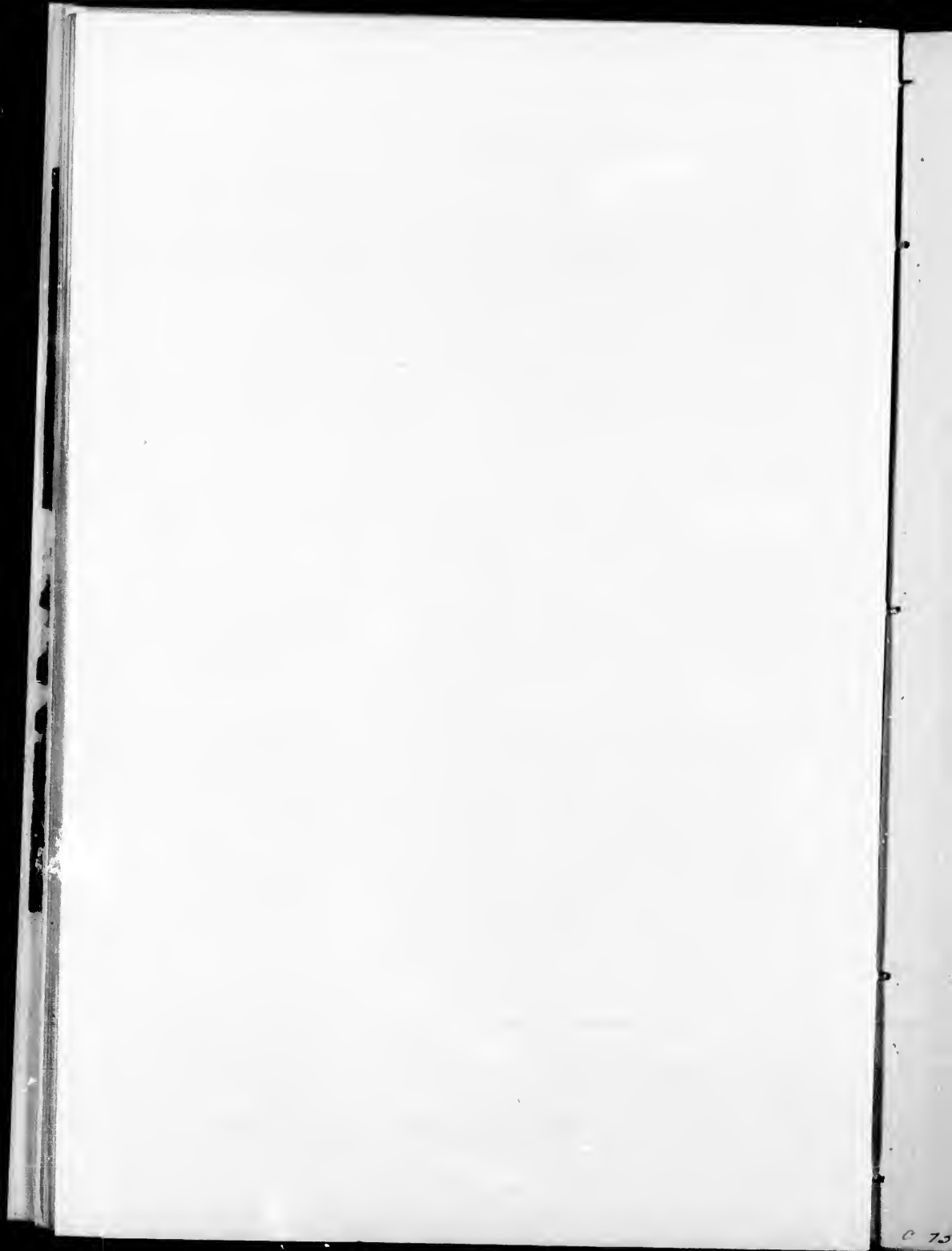
Shall the many evermore be the vassals of the few,  
And the landlord and the usurer rob the poor?  
If your power you only felt, if your rights you only knew,  
Not another day's oppression you'd endure.

CHORUS.—March! March! March! etc.

y!

on.

e,



THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

17

So unite in all your strength and make ready for the fight,  
Standing boldly by the cause with heart and hand,  
To defy the tyrant foe who has robbed us of our right,  
And assert a freeman's title to the land.

CHORUS—March! March! March! etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 13. ONE MORE BATTLE TO FIGHT.

(Air—"One More River to Cross.")

The car of progress rolls along,  
One more battle to fight;  
The voice of the people is growing strong,  
One more battle to fight.

CHORUS.

One more battle,  
One more battle for freedom;  
One more battle,  
One more battle to fight.

Too long have the poor been bought and sold,  
One more battle to fight;  
And men bowed down to the shrine of gold,  
One more battle to fight.

CHORUS.—One more battle, etc.

Too long have the many like me and you,  
One more battle to fight;  
Enriched with our labor the wealthy few,  
One more battle to fight.

CHORUS.—One more battle, etc.

The signal sounds from shore to shore,  
One more battle to fight;  
To manhood rise! Be slaves no more!  
One more battle to fight.

CHORUS.—One more battle, etc.

## THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

We'll teach the world a wiser plan,  
 One more battle to fight;  
 When the little rag-baby becomes a man,  
 One more battle to fight.

CHORUS.—One more battle, etc.

No more shall loafers own the soil,  
 One more battle to fight;  
 Nor bond-thieves fatten on poor men's toil,  
 One more battle to fight.

CHORUS.—One more battle, etc.

Oppression shall perish and freedom reign,  
 One more battle to fight;  
 The people shall come to their own again,  
 One more battle to fight.

CHORUS.—One more battle, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 14.

## RALLY TO THE POLLS.

(Air—"Battle Cry of Freedom.")

We'll rally to the polls, boys, rally once again,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!  
 If we want to win our rights we must show that we are men,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!

CHORUS.

Farmer and toiler, join hand in hand;  
 Down with the Shylocks, rescue the land!  
 As we rally to the polls, boys, rally once again,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!

We are coming from the farm and the workshop and the mine,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!  
 The masses are aroused and are falling into line,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!

CHORUS.—Farmer and toiler, etc.



We are bound to make an end of the plutocratic crew,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!  
 And we'll use the freeman's vote as true freemen ought to do,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!

CHORUS.—Farmer and toiler, etc.

We are summoned to the work by the nation's tears and prayers,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!  
 And we'll free her from the clutch of the robber millionaires,  
 Fighting the battle of the people!

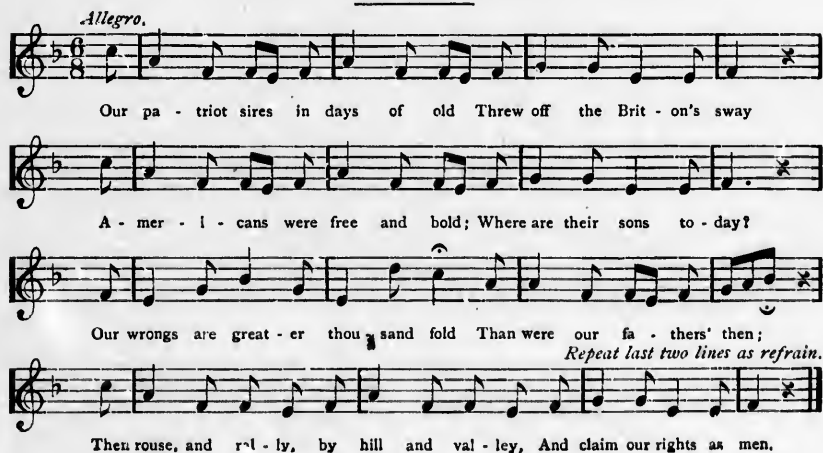
CHORUS.—Farmer and toiler, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

## No. 15.

## ROUSE AND RALLY.

*Allegro.*



Our pa - triot sires in days of old Threw off the Brit - on's sway

A - mer - i - cans were free and bold; Where are their sons to - day?

Our wrongs are great - er thou sand fold Than were our fa - thers' then;  
*Repeat last two lines as refrain.*

Then rouse, and ral - ly, by hill and val - ley, And claim our rights as men.

Despotic power, oppressive laws,  
 Our fathers brave defied,  
 And baffled in their country's cause  
 The lion in his pride.  
 And shall we cower before the wolf,  
 The usurer in his den?  
 No! Rouse and rally, by hill and valley,  
 And claim your rights as men.

THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

The money-kings now rule the land  
While men of freedom dream,  
They crush the poor with iron hand  
And boast their power supreme.  
But liberty will yet revive  
To bless the land again,  
So rouse and rally, by hill and valley,  
And claim your rights as men.

The broad and fertile plains which stretch  
Their leagues of golden grain  
Enrich some greedy, thievish wretch  
Who profits by our pain.  
Let each true heart resent the wrong  
With voice and vote and pen,  
And rouse and rally, by hill and valley,  
And claim your rights as men.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 16. THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS.

(Air—"John Brown.")

What is this the sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear,  
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,  
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?  
'Tis the people marching on!

CHORUS.

Hark the rolling of the thunder!  
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder  
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,  
And the host comes marching on!

Forth they come from grief and torment, on they wend toward health  
and mirth;  
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth;  
Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth,  
For the days are marching on!

CHORUS.—Hark the rolling of the thunder, etc.

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,  
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,  
All for thee this day—and ever. What reward for them is meet?  
Till the host comes marching on!

CHORUS.—Hark the rolling of the thunder, etc.

Many a hundred years passed over have they labored deaf and blind,  
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find;  
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the wind,  
And their feet are marching on!

CHORUS.—Hark the rolling of the thunder, etc.

Oh ye rich men, hear and tremble, for with words the sound is rife:  
"Once for you and death we labored; changed henceforward is the strife.  
We are men and we shall battle for the world of men and life,  
And our host is marching on!"

CHORUS.—Hark the rolling of the thunder, etc.

"On we march, then, we, the workers, and the rumor that ye hear  
Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near,  
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,  
And the world is marching on!"

CHORUS.—Hark the rolling of the thunder, etc.

—William Morris.

# No. 17.

## STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

(Air—"Pull for the Shore, Sailor.")

Hope for the future, toiler, help is at hand;  
Hear ye the battle-cry that rings through the land!  
Dark was your pathway, toiler, through the weary night,  
Put your trust in union and stand for the right!

CHORUS.

Stand for the right, toiler, stand for the right;  
Out of the gloomy midnight into the light!  
Each for the other striving giant wrongs to fight,  
Throw away your selfish aims and stand for the right!

See how the vile oppressor thrives by your pain,  
Singly your liberties you strive for in vain ;  
Would ye regain your birthright ? firmly unite ;  
Battle with monopoly and stand for the right !

CHORUS.—Stand for the right, etc.

Think of your brothers, toiler, downcast and poor ;  
Help them to war against the ills they endure ;  
Joined in a common cause there's none can scorn your might,  
Rally at the ballot-box and stand for the right !

CHORUS.—Stand for the right, etc.

Wrongs done to humblest worker, robbed and oppressed,  
Surely will soon or late recoil on the rest ;  
Union's your only safeguard, join to spread the light,  
Banded in one brotherhood and stand for the right !

CHORUS.—Stand for the right, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 18.

AWAKE! BE FREE!

(Air—"America.")

Our country, great and grand,  
Is known in every land  
As freedom's home.  
Yet through man's greed and lust,  
Through laws the most unjust,  
And from the giant trust,  
Great evils come.

Our liberties are gone,  
Justice no more is done  
To faithful toil.  
But want and woeful need  
From Mammon's reign proceed,  
Which hateful tumults breed  
And freedom spoil.

How long shall we be slaves  
And bow to sordid knaves  
Who rob the poor?  
Let every man awake  
And freedom's weapon take,  
The yoke of bondage break,  
And serve no more.

Great God of Liberty!  
Through truth that maketh free,  
Make free the land.  
Give us to see the light,  
Lead us to follow right,  
And show that right is might,  
By Thine own hand.

Our country then shall be  
A home for brave and free  
And noble men.  
No landlord then shall reign  
To clutch the toiler's gain,  
Our flag without a stain  
Shall wave again.

—H. W. Faison.

No. 19. THERE ARE NINETY AND NINE.

(Air—"There Were Ninety and Nine.")

There are ninety and nine who live and die  
In poverty, want and cold,  
That one may revel in luxury  
And be wrapped in its silken fold.  
The ninety and nine in hovels bare,  
The one in a palace with riches rare.  
They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine,  
For the fruits of their mother earth;  
They delve in the depths of the dusky mine  
And bring its hid treasures forth.  
But the wealth released by their sturdy blows  
To the hands of the one forever flows.

In the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,  
 And the forest before them falls;  
 They have builded the walls of humble homes  
 And cities with lofty halls.  
 But the onc owns cities and farms and lands,  
 And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long  
 At length will the morning bring,  
 And over the hills the victors' song  
 Of the ninety and nine shall ring,  
 And echo afar, from zone to zone:  
 "Rejoice for labor has gained its own!"

—Selected.

## No. 20. THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

(Air—"Partant pour la Syrie.")

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "The proud - est now is but my peer, The high - est not more high; To - day, of all the wea - ry year, A king of men am I; To - day a - like are great and small, the name - less and un - known, My pal - ace is the peo - ple's hall, The bal - lot box my throne, My pal - ace is the peo - ple's hall, The bal - lot box my throne."

The proud - est now is but my peer, The high - est not more high; To -  
 day, of all the wea - ry year, A king of men am I; To -  
 day a - like are great and small, the name - less and un - known, My  
 pal - ace is the peo - ple's hall, The bal - lot box my throne, My  
 pal - ace is the peo - ple's hall, The bal - lot box my throne.

Who serves to-day upon the list  
 Beside the served shall stand;  
 Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,  
 The glove and dainty hand!

THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

25

The rich is level with the poor,  
The weak is strong to-day;  
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more  
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretense  
My stubborn right abide;  
I set a plain man's common sense  
Against a pedant's pride.  
To-day shall simple manhood try  
The strength of gold and land;  
The wide world has not wealth to buy  
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress  
Or balance to adjust,  
Where weighs our living manhood less  
Than Mammon's vilest dust.  
While there's a right to need my vote,  
A wrong to sweep away,  
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!  
A man's a man to-day!

—John G. Whittier.

No. 21.

COMING BY AND BY.

(Air—"Coming By and By.")

A better day is coming, a morning promised long,  
When girded right, with holy might, will overthrow the wrong;  
When man shall rise and take his rights, not vainly plead and sigh,  
And win the cause of righteous laws and justice by and by.

CHORUS.

Coming by and by, coming by and by!  
The better day is coming, the morning draweth nigh,  
Coming by and by, coming by and by!  
The welcome dawn will hasten on, 'tis coming by and by!



To grind the faces of the poor the rich no more shall dare,  
 For age and youth will love the truth and spread it everywhere;  
 No more from want and sorrow will come the hopeless cry,  
 And strife will cease and perfect peace will flourish by and by.

CHORUS.—Coming by and by, etc.

O for that welcome dawning, when happiness and peace  
 Shall bless the land from East to West and suffering shall cease;  
 This glorious consummation the mourner's tears shall dry,  
 Then every voice will loud rejoice, it's coming by and by.

CHORUS.—Coming by and by, etc.

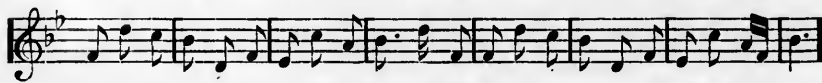
—Selected and Adapted.

## No. 22.

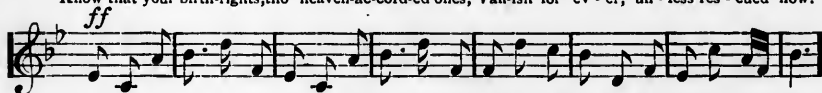
## THE CALL TO ACTION.



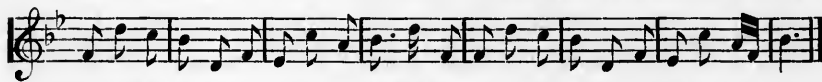
Men who by la - bor have fattened the sor-did ones, Lift up your heads from the dust where you bow,



Know that your birth-rights, tho' heaven-ac-cord-ed ones, Van-ish for ev - er, un - less res - cued now.



Hear ye the trumpet sound, Wake from your sleep profound, Hurling your strength on the insolent foe;



Shake off each ser-vile chain, Stand for your rights again, Vic-to-ry waits but your res - o - lute blow.

How have the arrogant robbers rewarded you?  
 What can ye show for your toil-broken lives?  
 Basely the men ye enrich have defrauded you,  
 Crushing the hearts of your children and wives.  
 Will ye supinely bear  
 Wrongs in your dumb despair,  
 Toiling on abjectly, shackled and blind?  
 Choose ye the nobler part,  
 Nerving each fainting heart,  
 Bravely to fight in the cause of mankind.

# THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

27

Rise to the height of sublime aspiration,  
 Born of the teachings of martyr and sage;  
 When the fullness of time brings the great consummation,  
 Its light will glow radiant on history's page.  
 Down through the ages each,  
 Passes by thought and speech,  
 Lending an impulse to leaven the whole;  
 Thought is eternal force,  
 Holding its steady course,  
 Nothing can vanquish the strength of the soul.

—Phillips Thompson.

## No. 23. THE SONG OF THE PROLETAIRE.

Base op - pres - sors ! cease your slumbers, Lis - ten to a peo - ple's cry; Hark ! u -  
*Allegro.*  
 ni - ted, countless num - bers, Swell the peal of ag - o - ny. Lo, from la - bor's  
 sons and daughters, In the depths of mis - er - y, Like the sound of many waters Comes the cry: "We  
*ritard.*  
 will be free," Comes the cry: "We will be free," Comes the cry: "We will be free."

Tyrants quail ! dawn is breaking,  
 Dawn of freedom's glorious day;  
 Mammon on his throne is quaking,  
 Iron bands are giving way.  
 Statecraft, kingcraft, black oppression  
 Cannot bear our scrutiny,  
 For we've learned the startling lesson  
 That if we will, we can be free !  
 That if we will, we can be free !  
 That if we will, we can be free !

## THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

By our own, our children's charta,  
 By the fire within our veins,  
 By each truth-attesting martyr,  
 By our tears, our groans and pains,  
 By our rights by nature given,  
 By the voice of liberty,  
 We proclaim before high Heaven  
 That we will, we must be free !  
 That we will, we must be free !  
 That we will, we must be free !

Winds and waves, the tidings carry ;  
 Electra, in your fiery car,  
 Winged with lightning, do not tarry,  
 Bear the news to lands afar.  
 Bid them sound the thrilling story,  
 Louder than the thunder's glee,  
 That a people ripe for glory  
 Are determined to be free !  
 Are determined to be free !  
 Are determined to be free !

—Tom O'Reilly.

## No. 24. THE MEN OF AULD LANG SYNE.

(Air—"Auld Lang Syne.")

Should old reformers be forgot  
 Whose names resplendent shine,  
 Who stood for right and faltered not  
 In the days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—In auld lang syne, my dear,  
 In auld lang syne,  
 They lit the spark amid the dark,  
 In the days of auld lang syne.

Brave pioneers in freedom's cause,  
 With impulses divine,  
 Withstood the power of tyrants' laws  
 In the days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—In auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

29

They lit the flame of reason's lamp  
And bid its radiance shine,  
No despot's wrath the zeal could damp  
Of the men of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—In auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

In dungeon deep, on gallows tree,  
In battle's foremost line,  
They gave their lives for liberty  
In the days of auld lang syne.

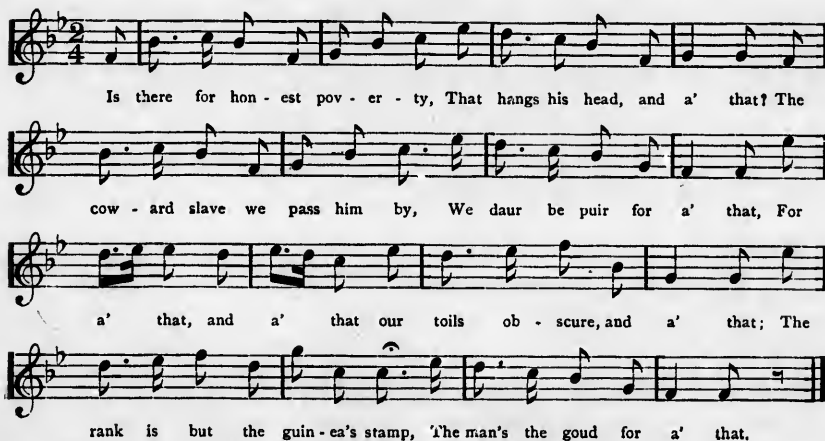
CHORUS.—In auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

Then let the dust where heroes sleep  
Be freedom's holiest shrine,  
And green the memories will keep  
Of the men of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—In auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 25. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.



Is there for hon - est pov - er - ty, That hangs his head, and a' that? The  
cow - ard slave we pass him by, We daur be puir for a' that, For  
a' that, and a' that our toils ob - scure, and a' that; The  
rank is but the guin - ea's stamp, 'The man's the goud for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden-gray an' a' that,  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine—  
A man's a man for a' that,

## THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

For a' that and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show and a' that;  
 The honest man, though ne'er sae pair,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 Their dignities and a' that;  
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree and a' that.  
 For a' that and a' that—  
 It's comin' yet for a' that,  
 When man to man, the warld o'er,  
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

—Robert Burns.

## No. 26. WHEN LABOR HAS COME TO ITS OWN.

(Air—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home.")

When labor has come to its own again,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 We'll live in a real Republic then,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 Then none shall rule by wealth or birth,  
 And each shall have his share of earth,  
 For we'll all be free when labor has come to its own.

The millionaires will hunt their holes,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 And drop their cash to save their souls,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 For we'll clear out Wall Street's robber den,  
 And burn each bond and mortgage then,  
 For we'll all be free when labor has come to its own.

We'll pile them up so that all may see,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
As high as the Statue of Liberty,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
And we'll make Jay Gould the torch apply,  
To flare the light over sea and sky,  
That shall tell the world that labor has come to its own.

Then all must ply some useful trade,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
And none their rights will dare invade,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
And those who honest toil would shirk,  
Shall have no bread if they will not work,  
We'll have no more drones when labor has come to its own.

Grim poverty will be unknown,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
And plenty through the land be strown,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Then, farmers and laborers, all combine  
And bring the stragglers into line,  
Let us haste the day when labor shall come to its own.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 27.

# LABOR'S HARVEST HOME.

(Air—"Jesus, We Thy Lambs Would Be.")

Rouse the sleepers through the land,  
Harvest time is now at hand,  
Fields are white with ripened grain,  
And plenty smiles on hill and plain.

CHORUS.—When the reaping time shall come  
And labor shout the harvest home,  
When the reaping time shall come  
And labor shout the harvest home.

Those whose toil has given birth  
To the products of the earth  
Claim the right the fruit to keep,  
Nor where they sowed let others reap.

CHORUS.—When the reaping time shall come, etc.

## THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.

Ye who bar the reapers' way,  
Is it sword or sickle—say?  
Ere the famished throng can pass  
Must they mow you down like grass?

CHORUS.—When the reaping time shall come, etc.

Down with the idler, robber, knave!  
Freedom for the toiling slave!  
Nevermore shall stealth or sloth  
Enjoy the field's luxuriant growth.

CHORUS.—When the reaping time shall come, etc.

Fruit of bitter, toilsome years,  
Sown in struggle, pain and tears,  
We shall garner when the world  
Sees from its place oppression hurled.

CHORUS.—When the reaping time shall come, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

## No. 28. UNION ALL ALONG THE LINE.

(Air—"Just Before the Battle, Mother.")

The crisis darkly looms before us,  
Our chains are being tighter drawn,  
The dollar rules the great Republic  
And rights of men are laughed to scorn.

CHORUS.—If our rights we would recover  
We must at the polls combine,  
Our only prospect for the future  
Is union all along the line.

For long we've put our trust in parties  
Whose promises are subtle snares,  
They buy and sell the poor like cattle  
To pander to the millionaires.

CHORUS.—If our rights we would recover, etc.

Make a stand against oppression,  
Nor at the feet of Mammon cower,  
And let the ballot be our weapon  
To make the tyrant feel our power.

CHORUS.—If our rights we would recover, etc.







Do not heed the party shouters,  
 Striving ever to mislead;  
 Think rather of your wives and children,  
 The victims of the usurer's greed.

CHORUS.—If our rights we would recover, etc.

—Phillips Thompson.

No. 29. SONG OF THE "LOWER CLASSES."

The musical score is written on six staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "We plow and sow, we're so ve-ry, ve-ry low, That we delve in the dir-ty clay, 'Till we bless the plain with the gold-en grain, and the vale with the fra-grant hay; Our place we know, we're so ve-ry, ve-ry low, 'Tis down at the land-lord's feet. We're not too low the grain to grow, But too low the bread to eat; we're not too low the grain to grow, But too low the bread to eat; We're not too low the grain to grow, But too low the bread to eat." The score ends with a double bar line.

We plow and sow, we're so ve-ry, ve-ry low, That we delve in the dir-ty  
 clay, 'Till we bless the plain with the gold-en grain, and the vale with the fra-grant hay; Our  
 place we know, we're so ve-ry, ve-ry low, 'Tis down at the land-lord's feet. We're  
 not too low the grain to grow, But too low the bread to eat; we're  
 not too low the grain to grow, But too low the bread to eat; We're  
 not too low the grain to grow, But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go, we're so very, very low,  
 To the hell of the deep-sunk mines;  
 But we gather the proudest gems that glow  
 When the brow of a despot shines;  
 And whene'er he lacks, upon our backs  
 Fresh loads he deigns to lay;  
 We're far too low to vote the tax, } *Repeat.*  
 But not too low to pay.

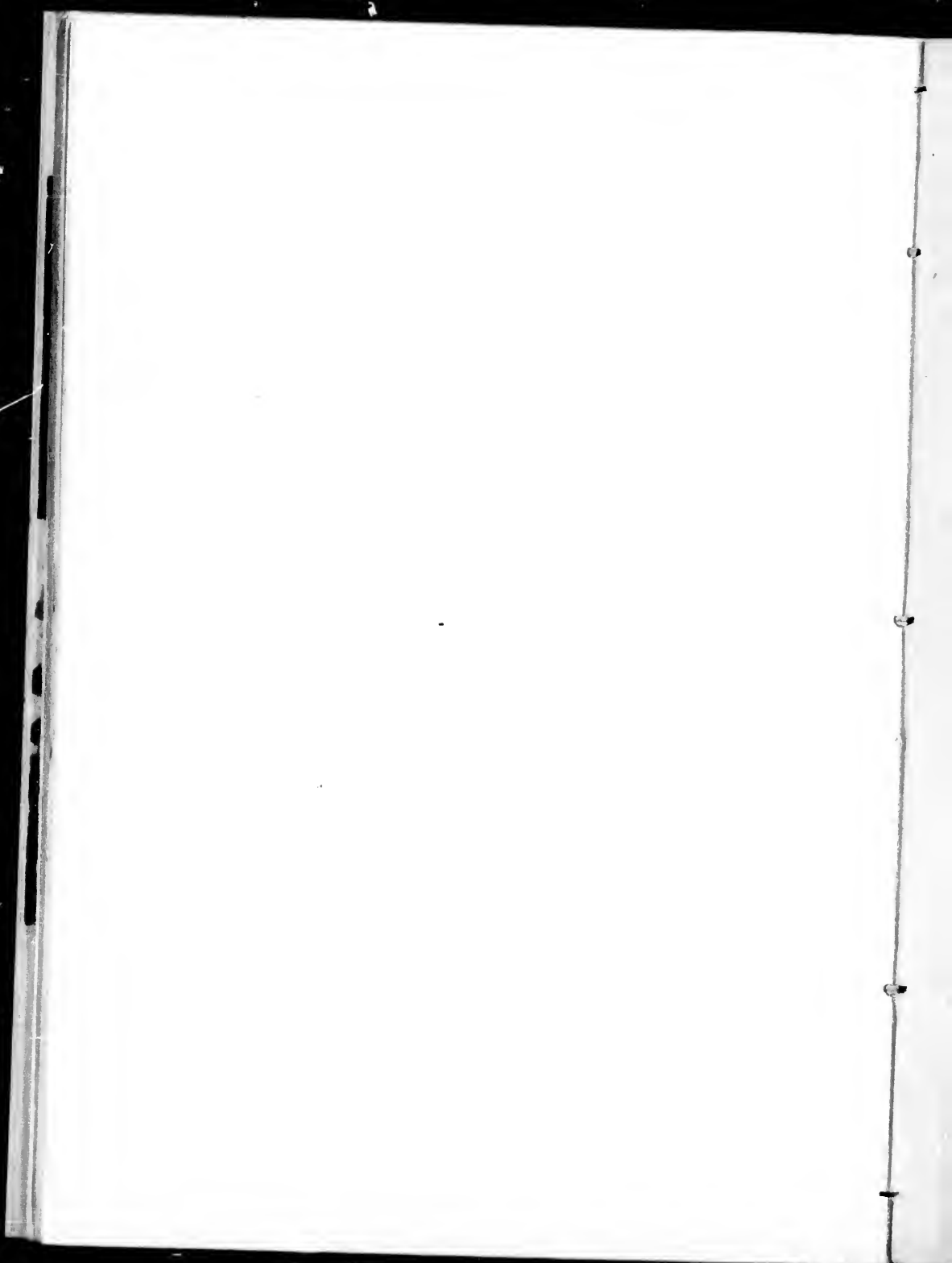
*THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER.*

We're low, we're low—mere rabble we know;  
But at our plastic power  
The world at the lordling's feet will glow  
Into palace and church and tower;  
Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall  
And cringe at the rich man's door;  
We're not too low to build the wall, } *Repeat.*  
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low;  
Yet from our fingers glide  
The silken flow and the robes that glow  
Round the limbs of the sons of pride;  
And what we get, and what we give,  
We know, and we know our share;  
We're not too low the cloth to weave, } *Repeat.*  
But too low the cloth to wear.

—Ernest Jones.





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